The Cannibals outside are frightful

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16922013.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Wendigo (Hannibal), The Ravenstag
Additional Tags:	Winter Themes, Christmas Themes, Dark Thoughts, stalking habits, Dark Will Graham, Murder Husbands, Canon Compliant, #ForBothOfUs, Hannibal Creative, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive Challenges
Collections:	ForBothOfUs 2018
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-09 Words: 969 Chapters: 1/1

The Cannibals outside are frightful

by DrJLecter

Summary

It's Christmas and Will Graham is visiting a part of his past.

Notes

After quite a while I finally manage to participate in one of the Hannibal Cre-ATE-Ive's fests again and I'm sooooo happy.

Especially because I have a wonderful partner I teamed up with and there's amaaaaazing art coming with it, created by my wonderful Llew.

Go check out the wonderful piece over at pillowfort HERE

- Translation into Русский available: Бойтесь каннибалов у порога by SnakeCorps

The night was freezing cold and the crisp air burned viciously in his nostrils, while his breath fogged up in front of his face. His cheeks were numb and his nose was running.

Will stood between dark firs, snow almost up to his knees, with a thick wool coat, boots and a hat protecting him from the worst of the cold. A few inches ahead of him, the deep black shadows ended and the full moon bathed the snow in pearly white, almost glaring in its brightness.

The night sky opened up in an endlessly star filled canvas above, while the moon was somewhere behind him.

The house he stared at was impressive. A villa, really. Lots of wood and glass and sharp and crooked angles.

It was placed in the middle of the woods with a single narrow road leading through an endless remote region, surrounded by mountains and valleys and frozen lakes. It had taken him a several days long hike to get here, but now that he was standing in front of it, he didn't know what to do.

Half of the side of the house was a glass front, revealing the interior to his curious eyes.

An insanely high Christmas tree stood next to the window, buried under ornaments, tinsel and red baubles. Glitter and fairy lights were scattered all through the wide room. Candles littered tables and cupboards while a big fire was roaring in the hearth. The orange lights shone through the windows into the night, illuminating the snow, warmth battling against cold.

Will shivered.

There were many presents wrapped in colorful paper under the tree, some of them obviously for kids.

The two women were lying on the huge couch, cuddled close together, each of them holding a book and a glass of wine. They'd brought the children to bed two hours ago while Will had watched.

Will stared at them, not sure which feeling was stronger. The envy or the resentment.

Margot was laughing at something Alana was reading to her and Will felt something bitter and ugly twist in his gut. It would be so easy.

Hannibal appeared next to him like a ghost and Will wasn't even surprised. He'd expected him sooner.

"An impressive house," his new company simply said. The quiet voice sounded way too loud in the frozen night and Will glanced at him. Hannibal's face was impassive, barely visible in the deep shadows they were standing in. He looked just as black as the night around them, the reflection of orange light only visible in his eyes. A specter of molten tar with antlers reaching up between the branches.

Will looked ahead again. He remembered a different night, when they had been standing under the light of the full moon.

It seemed so long ago, but Will remembered every detail, every sound, every smell, every pain that had sparked through his body to make him feel so very much *alive*. He curled his fingers, feeling the restriction of the gloves around them, rooting him in the here and now.

The sound of hard frozen snow breaking under something's weight had him tense. The harsh, hot breath of an animal brushed past his face and Will smiled at the appearance of the feathered stag next to him. His old companion.

Will relaxed. The three of them staring into the house, each of them following their own thoughts, the stag waiting for action, the Wendigo waiting for blood. Will wasn't sure what he was waiting for.

"Do you want to pay them a visit? Or did you come here all this way just to stare at them in envy?"

Will could see it. Knocking on their door. Seeing their shocked faces, their fear, Alana's fury, the fight. Blood. Margot would have the gun ready, weapons everywhere in the house because they knew they would never be safe as long as Will's and Hannibal's still bodies weren't laying cold and dead in a morgue.

They would bathe the living room in their blood, create a beautiful masterpiece out of their bodies, worthy of the fight they had put up during their life and death, entwined as lovers.

Hannibal would cook them a divine meal in that no doubt amazing kitchen, they'd enjoy the rest of the wine, the warmth of the fire. Open the presents they had wrapped for the kids.

Listen to the children crying upstairs.

"I'm good. I guess, I just wanted to see."

Hannibal hummed and fell silent.

Will didn't know how long they stood there. The moon wandered his path across the sky and vanished behind a cloud, bathing them into absolute darkness, the only source of light the brightly lit living room in front of them.

The stag had vanished at some point, leaving him alone with Hannibal.

"I have a house up here. Just a two day trip to the south. We could celebrate Christmas there. It's fully stocked and decorated."

Will snorted. Of course it was.

"Is that why you took so long?"

"Indeed," Hannibal said and he could hear the smile in his words.

“Alright, let’s go. We can leave them a token at the door, so they don’t forget us.”

He pulled a Christmas card from his pocket. He’d written a simple greeting, but they would know who left it. The vicious part in him would love to see their faces when they found it, the urgency when they packed and left for another one of their remote safe houses, knowing they would never be really safe.

He turned around and almost stumbled, his body frozen and stiff, joints hurting.

“You’re not here by car, by any chance?” he groaned.

“Dog sled,” Hannibal replied, pure smugness in his voice, but Will didn’t care because, *thank God* for Hannibal being Hannibal.

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